



# The Mountains



👁 27 ✓ 2 ★ 3

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I'm freezing cold, tired, hungry, yet the freest I have felt in my whole life. I have escaped. From the judgement of my family, classmates, and the rest of my town. I would rather die up here with this freedom than ever return.

## Chapter 2 by Forge.



It was easier to escape than I thought. I just walked away from it all. No good byes, no warning of any sort. I went out the door and kept on going.

I hadn't planned this and now I am woefully unprepared to be here. But the problems I face here are minor, compared to what I face back there.

The whole thing was an accident, a misjudgment on my part. But people got hurt and killed. I am sorry for that, but they are gone now and nothing can bring them back.

And now I am here. Free. The police, the family, my classmates will never find me. And if by some chance they do, they will never take me back alive.

As I sit here cold and hungry, I let the events of that day unfold and flow through my mind. The day began like any other day. But I got the best of me. I am not a violent person, but on that day, I was.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

**i** You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [!\[\]\(3211b5d1d968fc1665909b34f9f16010\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(d47ad152ec3d86a04ad64c8049e1f17f\_img.jpg\)](#) [!\[\]\(6b7fbb0b7bdb78cadf73d50851a4dfb1\_img.jpg\)](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account